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HARLEQUIN

JACK SPRAT,

THE

THREE BLIND MICE,

AND

GREAT A, LITTLE A, BOUNCING B,

THE CAT'S IN THE CUPBOARD AND SHE CAN'T SEE:

BY THE BROTHERS GRINN.

LONDON:

THE MUSIC-PUBLISHING COMPANY,
19 PETER'S HILL, ST. PAUL'S, E.C.

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SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND CHARACTERS.

SCENE I.—TOM TIDDLER'S GOLD AND SILVER GROUNDS, IN THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

'Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,
Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,
Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver!—*Nursery Rhyme.*

Tom Tiddler, Mr. G. Atkins; Merry Christmas Time, Mr. Gresham; Amusement, Miss Minnie Sidney; Happy New Year, Miss Armstrong; Seven (a most pleasant Leisure Hour), Miss Nelly Smith; Eight, Nine, Ten and Eleven, (other Leisure Hours), Misses Homelove, Prettywalk, Nice Chat, and Verycozy; Great Pickers-up of Gold and Silver, Masters Goodlad, Readwell, Steadychap, Boldhand, Spellright, and Wellbehave; Small Pickers-up of Gold and Silver, Masters Lazydog, Losetime, Thickhead, Lovesleep, Slowcoach, Nevertry, Sluggard, and Idlemonkey.

SCENE II.—ABODE OF AMUSEMENT, WITH PREPARATIONS FOR REJOICINGS ON THE OCCASION OF THE NEW YEAR COMING OF AGE.

'Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean,
And so, between them both, they licked the platter clean.'—*Nursery Rhyme.*

In this scene will be introduced a Grand Allegorical Procession of the Months, the Weeks, the Days, the Hours, and the entire Stud of Horses, concluding with a

GRAND BALLET.

SCENE III.—MOTHER SHIPTON'S HOVEL, ON TOADSTOOL HEATH.

'Tell-Tale Tit! your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town shall have a little bit!'—*Nursery Rhyme.*

Jack Sprat, Miss Caroline Parkes; Tell-Tale Tit, (the Royal Laundry-maid), Mr. Templeton; Mother Shipton, Mr. Atkins; Mother Shipton's Black Dog, Master Wagtail; Mother Shipton's Black-bird, Master Strongbeak.

SCENE IV.—THE JOLLY MILLER'S HOMESTEAD ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER DEE.

'Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten!—*Nursery Rhyme.*

Old Cole, (the Jolly Miller who lived on the River Dee), Mr. Henry Frazer; Jumping Joan (the Miller's Daughter), Miss Clifford; Tom (her one-eared Cat), 'When in came the Cat who had but one ear,' Master Mouser.

Robin and Richard (the two pretty men), Messrs Longnap and Lazychap; Peasants, Messrs. Heavylout, Swigbeer, Drillwell, Snareshare, Slowdig, and Follow-plough.

Female Peasants, Misses Ruddicheke, Tenderheart, Slykiss, and Fieforshame.

SCENE V.—THE WITCHES Revel in the HAUNTED GLEN.

'Three Blind Mice, see how they run;
They all run after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving-knife!
Did you ever hear such a thing in your life,
As three blind mice?'—*Nursery Rhyme.*

The Three Blind Mice, Master Nibbles, Narrowsqueak, and Doublegloster.

PAS FANTASTIQUE A SERPENTEAUX.

SCENE VI.—EXTERIOR OF ROBIN DE BOBBIN'S COPPER CASTLE.

‘Robin de Bobbin, big-bellied Ben !
He eat more meat than threescore men.
He eat a cow ! he eat a calf !
He eat a butcher and a half !
He eat a church ! he eat a steeple !
He eat a priest ! and all the people !’—*Nursery Rhyme.*

Gobblewobble (Robin de Bobbin's Foreign Cook), Herr Tiddbitz ;
Grimguffin (the Royal Porter), Mr. Takiteasy ;
Royal Cooks, Messrs. Frizzle, Swizzle, Twiddle, Twaddle, Hardbake, and Underdone.

**SCENE VIII.—THE KING'S COUNTING-HOUSE AND KITCHEN,
OVERLOOKING THE ROYAL GARDENS.**

‘The King was in his counting-house, counting out his money,
The Queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey ;
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
When out popped a blackbird, and popped off her nose.’—*Nursery Rhyme.*

King Robin de Bobbin, Mr. Heavysides ;
Huncamunica (his sweet wife), Miss Sugarcandy ;
Lords in Waiting, Messrs. Backscratch, Snugplace, and Tittletattle.

SCENE VIII.—THE ROAD TO THE RAVEN'S NEST.

‘What are little boys made of ?
Snaps, and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails,
And that's what boys are made of.
What are little girls made of ?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that's what girls are made of.’—*Nursery Rhyme.*

The Fairy Amiable, Miss Clifton ;
The Fairy Good Humour, Miss Smith ; the Fairy Affable, Miss Ellington.

**SCENE IX.—THE BLACKBIRD'S NEST, IN THE VALLEY OF THE
DROOPING ASH.**

‘Jack Sprat was the bridegroom, Joan Cole was the bride ;
Jack said from the church his Joan home should ride.’

SCENE X.—THE SUBTERRANEAN DWELLING OF THE GNOMES.

[Invented and painted by CHARLES BREW.]

THE TRANSFORMATION.

Harlequin	Mr. DEAN.
Columbine.....	Miss LAURIE.
Pantaloons	Mr. DEULIN JOHNSON.
Clown.....	Mr. MILANO.
	(His first appearance in that character.)
Juvenile Pantomimists	Masters J. and H. WILDE and WOODFIELD.
Juvenile Columbines	Misses ELLIOTT.
Four Sprites.....	The BROTHERS ELLIOTT.
One-legged Clown	Mr. TIMBERTOE SINGLEPIN.
One-legged Dancer	Signor HOPPO.

NOTICE TO YOUNG FRIENDS.—Mr. E. T. Smith, having spared neither labour nor expense in the production of the present Pantomime, had originally intended to have stood on *his own legs* during the festive season, but, ever desirous of keeping pace with even the largest theatres, he has been forced to add an *odd leg or two* on this occasion, and has therefore the honour to announce the first appearance of a *One-legged Clown*, from Greenwich Hospital, for whose grace and agility he hopes to be able to answer, and a *One-legged Dancer*, from the Foreign Hopperer, who will execute, each evening, a *pas seul*, for which their *singular peculiarity* renders them so *singularly adapted*. The speculation is started on the principle of Limited Legability.

JACK SPRAT.

SCENE I.—*TOM TIDDLER'S GOLD AND SILVER GROUNDS, IN THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.*

How Tom Tiddler behaved on the arrival of merry Christmas Time.—How the Leisure Hours stopped for Amusement, and what took place on the approach of the New Year.

CHORUS.

Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,
Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,
Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver !

At the end of the Chorus, a Chord.—General expression of exhaustion, and stoppage of work, much to the annoyance of TOM TIDDLER, who comes forward.

Tom. Now, lads of mettle, there's no time for rest,
Tom Tiddler's metal's in too much request.
Gold, at New York, is rising every day ;
And silver's melting at red hot Bombay.
New banks and companies, steel shots and guns,
Breechloaders, Armstrongs, all produce strong runs
Upon my stores.

[Noise in Clock, and confused movement of figures on its face.]

What means this moving sight ?
I'll call Old Time, he soon will set you right.

Hour-Glass rises, which, opening, discovers a Bower of Holly and Mistletoe, in which jolly CHRISTMAS TIME is discovered, seated on a barrel, with a goblet in one hand and a bottle in the other.

Tom. Why, how Time's changed !

Time. Why, ain't I always changing ?
The world's affairs each moment rearranging.

A pretty lot of work I've this year done,
Had not one instant for a bit of fun !

A worn-out hulk, I must be mov'd to dock.

Tom. But first explain the movement in the clock.
Time. Those figures think there's neither rhyme nor reason
In being worked at this so jolly season ;

My Leisure Hours want amusement, and
For their wants they now have made a stand.
A holiday does good, so give it, and don't grill,
If mine don't strike, I know your *miners* will.

Tom. I can't afford it.

Time. But you must, my lad,
Five hours out of twenty-four is not so bad.

Time touches the Clock, which, opening, discovers rich works in motion, and from it come the Five Leisure Hours—Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Eleven.

SONG, LEISURE HOUR.—Air, ‘*The Moonlit Sea.*’

Oh ! list, Tom, to me, let us now happy be !
Now don't, pray, say nay, Tom, we're waiting for thee ;
The game's all prepared, not an hour says no,
And we all now are stopping for you to say, go !
Without any turning, how long is the lane ;
A little enjoyment, to work then again.

Oh ! list, Tom, to me, &c.

Tom. [Grumpily.] Your notes, though sweet, are greenbacks to my gold ;

I'll give no change—

Time. You won't ? then mine behold !

Happy New Year, of promise full to all,
Your time is come, obey your master's call !

Time waves his goblet, when a Temple rises, from which comes HAPPY NEW YEAR.

New Y. What, poor Tom Tiddler ! still the same old Turk !
No rest, no pleasure, nothing but hard work.
Quite wrong, I'm sure, of you I'm not a follower ;
Than your old system there is nothing hollower.
I come prepared to keep the game alive,
Improving daily, though I'm Sixty-five. [Coaxingly.]
But still, amusement you will let me see ?

Time. Of course.

Tom. Since Time's against me, I agree.

Tiddler waves his hand, when a Temple rises, from which AMUSEMENT enters.

SONG, AMUSEMENT.—Air, ‘*The King Fisher.*’

I am called, you know, Amusement,
And, be sure, am for some use meant,
So, don't treat me with abusement,

Or to please you I won't try.

You will be quite delighted

Now I've answer'd to your call ;

Mirth and joy can't be slighted,

Hither come, now, one and all.

I am called, &c.

Who asks my aid ?
New Y. & Time. Why, we.
Leisure H. And we.
Boys. And we.
Amuse. And you, Tom Tiddler ?
Tom. [Sulkily.] No, indeed, not me.
New Y. Oh ! don't mind him, we want you to amuse.
Time. I'm Christmas Time, and know you won't refuse—
 We want a pantomime brim full of fun.
Tom. [Aside.] Oh, fury !
New Year. Such as friend Smith produced so oft at Drury.
Amuse. Him I cannot refuse. What, Smith forlorn ?—
Time. [Confidentially.] Who always kept Amusement at Cremorne.
Amuse. Right, and I'll not desert him, that is flat !
 He want's a subject, here is one, Jack Sprat.
[All but Tom express approval.]
 Joined with a dozen others, all old friends,
 With faces fresh—
Tom. [Cheering up.] Come, come, the prospect mends.
Amuse. Robin de Bobbin, famous Tell-Tale Tit,
 The Three Blind Mice, of tails without a bit ;
 Great A and Little A, and Bouncing B,
 The Cat, too, who in cupboard couldn't see !
 Richard and Robin, those two pretty men
 Who laid in bed, bad boys, till after ten !
 The Blackbird, too, who stole the old maid's nose,
 Whilst she, one day, was hanging out the clothes.
 These, mixed with care, shall form our Christmas treat ;
 Smith and Amusement never shall be beat.
Tom. Amusement's well enough, but I should like to know
 The reason for all this ?
New Y. That I will show ;
 The New Year coming of age.
Amuse. A birthday bright !
 Full of bright hopes to those whose hearts are right.
Time. Time has proved that—
New Y. And will do so again.
[To Tom.] Harmless amusement never can give pain.
 I mean no harm.
New Y. I'm sure you don't, my dear !
 Now for my birthday subjects—quick appear !
 Months, Weeks, and Days, Hours, and Seasons too !
 Tom Tiddler's Men, the New Year waits for you !
[Scene changes to

**SCENE II.—ABODE OF AMUSEMENT, WITH
 PREPARATIONS FOR THE REJOICINGS OF
 THE NEW YEAR COMING OF AGE.**
How the Twelve Months passed by.—How the Fifty-two Weeks followed

in quick succession.—Of the effects produced by each Day.—How the Leisure Hours glided pleasantly on, and how the Working Hours were very properly not forgotten.—And of the Minutes which were spent during the New Year's brilliant progress.

GRAND PROCESSION AND BALLET.

SCENE III.—EXTERIOR OF MOTHER SHIPTON'S HOVEL, ON TOADSTOOL HEATH.

The Tale of Mother Shipton's Black Dog.—Of the mischief caused by Tell-Tale Tit.—How Jack Sprat fell into a broil, and how he escaped pepper.—How he got out of his pickle, and was dried and cured by Mother Shipton, and of the Bill which her Raven sent in on the occasion.

Enter MOTHER SHIPTON and Dog, pursued by Mob.

Shipton. What dog? my dog!

Mob. Down, down, with the old hag!

Shipton. Twenty to one! you rag and tag, can't brag!

Mob. Let's have a bonfire, never mind her boasting!

Shipton. Excuse me, friends, I'm much too tough for roasting.

SONG, MOTHER SHIPTON, Air, ‘*The Organ Grinder*.’

You see before you an old card, too deep for you to play!

So, if a bonfire be your game, look out for some other Guy Fawkes, pray.

You say you'll cook me thoroughly, to you it would be fun;
But I'll go away, if you'll only please, remaining underdone.
So, don't mourn for the loss of this dry old stuff,
But first catch your hare, then bind her—
She may be pleased if she's done enough,
But I don't know where you'll find her.

[*Aside.*] This has been caused by tattling Tell-Tale Tit,
The chattering jade! but odds we're even yet.
How strange that she, who has a place so quiet,
As royal laundrymaid, should love a riot.

Mob. Off to the heath!

Shipton. Base knaves, but give me room,
Instead of heath—I'll give you all some broom!

SONG, MOTHER SHIPTON.—Air, ‘*Scot's, wha hae wi Wallace*.’

Mob, who've heard what Shipton's said,

Mob, who should be better bred,

Off at once, or, mind your head—

Lad, I pity thee!

Enter TELL-TALE TIT.

Tell-T. What, all afraid! my lads, don't spare the witch;
To tear her eyes out, how my fingers itch!

DUET.—Air, ‘*Why, how now, saucy Jade?*’

Shipton. Why, how now, Tell-Tale Tit?
If you try to catch me,

And would of my tongue a bit,
I'll try if I can't match thee,
Tell-Tale Tit!

Tell-T.

Why, how now, saucy hag !
No use you me defying,
I'll give you knag for knag
Until my day for dying,
Saucy hag !

Shipton. Well, Tell-Tale Tit, and what's the matter now ?

Tell-T. Matter enough ; you have bewitched

Shipton. [Sneeringly.] The cow ?

Tell-T. The royal laundry ! All's turned upside down ;
The things won't wash—I've spoilt the Queen's new gown ;
The King's best shirts are black as chimney smut !
'Tis all your doing—down, lads, with her hut !

All again rush to attack, when JACK SPRAT enters, and, seeing the lady's danger, rushes to her aid.

SONG, JACK SPRAT.—Air, ‘*I'm a Young Man from the Country.*’

If I can be of service, I'll bring them soon to book ;
There is you, and you, and you, too, your gooses I'll soon cook ;
You all shall have your bellyful, I'll plant my one, two, three—
I'm a young man from the country, but you don't get over me !

Jack. Look up, old lady, I'll give them a pill.

Shipton. My Raven, too, shall send them in his bill.

[*The Mob are driven off.*

Thanks, good Jack Sprat, you've saved Dame Shipton's life,
And she'll reward you with a fitting wife,
One who likes fat—your leaning is to lean—
And so together you'll the dish keep clean.
Go, seek the miller's daughter, Joan, at once ;
If you don't gain her, write me down a dunce.

SONG, JACK SPRAT.—Air, ‘*I should like to Marry.*’

I should like to marry, since you've been so kind,
To find a maid exactly suited to my mind.
We could never quarrel, with us no words between,
Nor looks as sour as sorrel about the fat and lean.

[*Jack expresses his thanks to Mother Shipton, and, after taking leave of the Dog and the Raven, goes off.*

Shipton. And I will follow. They have called me witch,
And they shall find that I can act as sitch.

SONG, MOTHER SHIPTON.—Old Air.

As I'm a well known dame,
And holidays are here,
I'll try a Christmas game,
To please you while you're here.
Rum, ti tum, ti tum, &c.

Air, '*Wilderness Polka*'

He'll get out of his very queer mess,
 Oh ! such a queer mess !
 Oh ! such a silly mess !
 If he don't, I'll leave 'em dinnerless,
 And he'll marry Joan.
 For, boys, I'm a prophetess,
 Such a prophetess !
 Quite a prophetess !
 For him I can do no less ;
 And he'll marry Joan.

[*Mother Shipton, Dog, and Raven* dance off, which ends the scene.]

SCENE IV.—THE JOLLY MILLER'S HOME-STEAD, ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER DEE.

How Robin and Richard happened to lie in bed.—How the Cat got into the Cupboard, and how she got out of it.—How King Robin de Bobbin ground his own Miller to make his own bread.—How Jack Sprat gained the heart of Joan Cole.—How 'the Dogs of the Town' served Tell-Tale Tit.

JOAN discovered, looking off.

Joan. I'm all behind, to market all are going,
 I must make haste, or Pa will airs be showing.
 [Peasants drive their cattle to market across the stage.
 Oh dear ! heigho ! this is a pleasant life ;
 But 'twould be pleasanter were I a wife !
 I try as hard as any poor girl can
 To get a husband—what a nice young man !

JACK SPRAT enters from back.—Expresses his admiration, his fatigue, and, last not least, his hunger.—Joan beckons him forward.

SONG, JACK SPRAT.—Air, '*Oh dear, what can the matter be ?*'

Oh dear, what can the matter be,
 Oh, Miss, don't think I flatter ye,
 My heart shaky as batter be,
 Something is bumping just here !
 I promise to buy you a new copper kettle,
 A tea-pot, a milk-jug of best British metal !
 A new iron bedstead, if you'll only settle
 To marry and be my own dear !

Joan. Poor lad ! to be so sad and so forsaken ;
 I'll run and fetch a slice of bread and bacon.
 [Joan is as good as her word, but meets with what ladies don't like, a refusal.]

Refuse real Wiltshire ! Miss, I don't do that,
 But history tells that I can eat no fat !

Joan. [Aside.] And I no lean; how well we should agree
 At all our meals! This is the man for me. [Aloud.
 Well, then, I'll take the fat, whilst you shall eat the lean,
 And our old cat shall lick the platter clean.

[*Joan this time is proved to be a true prophetess.*
 Come, that's well done; for don't they teach at school
 That, 'waste not, want not!' is a golden rule?
Jack. I feel much better, full of grub and bub! [Nigger style.
 Oh, Missee Miller, will you be my lub?

SONG, JACK SPRAT.—Nigger Air, '*Betsy Gray.*'

Such a happy wedded life
 We'll both live night and day;
 You want a beau, and so I know
 That I feel very gay!
 To be my little charming Joan
 You never must say nay,
 For if you do, no more I'll sue,
 But marry Betsy Gray. [Dance.

Joan. Are you in earnest?

Jack. I should think so, rather!

Joan. Your name?

Jack. Jack Sprat.

Joan. And—hush! here comes my father!

Enter MILLER.

Miller. What's this I see? the clock has just struck ten,
 And Dick and Robin, my two pretty men,
 Not out of bed! I'll score each sluggard's back,
 And then the rascals both shall have the sack.

[*The Miller keeps his word.*
 They've got what they deserv'd, a downright walloping!
 But who comes here? what means this hurried galloping?

Royal Messengers enter on Horseback, with a letter from the King.

Jack. [Reading, without.] 'John Cole, the Miller, letter from the King.
 On the King's service.'

Joan. I'll refreshment bring.

What handsome chaps! their bearing stiff as starch.

Messenger. Right about face! attention! and quick march!

[*Exeunt Messengers.*

Joan. Pa, what's the matter?

Miller. Matter do you ask?

Jack. [Showing letter.] Your father, Joan, has there a heavy task.
 To send at once of flour fifty sacks,
 Or King de Bobbin will most surely axe
 The reason, and his head, perhaps your's, too—
 What if he fancies miller's-daughter-stew?
 But can't we, somehow, save your father's mutton?

No, Jack, De Bobbin is too great a glutton;
 For his own stomach he alone can feel.
 No meal from us, of us he'll make a meal!

Jack. [Pointing to Mill.] Never say die, you're not without a sack.
Miller. But we want hands.

Joan. You'll lend one, won't you, Jack?
Miller. Too small for work—a sprat!

Joan. You've hit the name!
 I wish I had a bushel of the same!

Miller. Don't joke, dear Joan, you see the mess that *wer* in!

Jack. They give a sprat sometimes to catch a *her* in.

Miller. Perhaps you're right, commence at once your labour;
 I'll see what I can borrow of a neighbour.

[*Miller goes off on one side, and Joan and Jack enter Mill—Jack snatching a kiss as—*

TELL-TALE TIT enters.

Tell-T. You spoilt my vengeance, and I'll spoil your kissing;
 Old Cole, his flour, Miss, shall soon be missing.
 I'm up to trap, most luckily have set one;
 Caught three *blind* mice—ha, ha! I'm not quite yet done.
 How then to lure them here, as neither sees?—
 A lucky thought! this is, I think, the cheese.

Entrance of the Three Blind Mice to Mill, and seizure of the Miller's Cat by Tell-Tale Tit.

Tell-T. Poor puss! I'll serve you now, as Mother Hubbard
 Did her old dog, and put you in the cupboard.

[*She puts the Cat in the cupboard, and the sacks in the Mill window gradually disappear.*

They're hard at work, give them but half an hour,
 They'll play Old Harry with the miller's flour.

[*Exit Tell-Tale Tit.—Jack rushes from the Mill, horrified at the destruction caused by the Mice.*

MOTHER SHIPTON enters.

Shipton. What's this I see? Jack Sprat a coward grown!
 Up! up! Jack, up, and then the day's your own!
 Don't be afraid, you know, no harm I wish ye;
 But, pray, Jack Sprat, don't look so very fishy.
 The game's on foot, we must not now be setters:
 No time for words, there's only time for letters.

| CHAUNT.—(Original, Tully.)

Great A! little A! bouncing B!
 The Cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see!

[*Mother Shipton retires behind Bee-hives.*

Don't be alarmed, Dame Shipton never fails;
 Here come the mice, but how about their tails?

[*The Three Blind Mice, after having undergone a very serious surgical operation, are driven from Mill by Joan, who, overcome by her exertion, seeks pleasing repose in Jack's arms, from which she is aroused by the entrance of TELL-TALE TIT, who calls the whole of the Villagers to witness the incorrect doings of the youthful pair.*

Tell-T. There, there's a sight !

Shipton. A sight ! a sight of stuff !
You did the same when you were young enough.
Where is the harm in love, if truth's there too ?

Tell-T. Who knows what truth is ?

Shipton. Certainly not you.

MILLER enters.

Miller. Come, none of this, you do more harm than good ;
Mind your own business, and pray cut your wood.
Stick to your washtub, as you like hot water !

Let's drive her off !

[Villagers attack her.]

Tell-T. Oh, quarter ! quarter ! quarter !

[Tell-Tale Tit is driven off to

SONG and CHORUS, MOTHER SHIPTON, and Villagers.

(Original, Tully.)

Tell-Tale Tit, your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town shall then have a bit !

Air, ‘ Bow, wow, wow ! ’

I'll take good care she don't escape,
Regarding what I've said, sirs :
And you shall see her in a scrape,
Until the fines she's paid, sirs.
And if you think Dame Shipton lies,
I'll prove it's not the case, sirs,
By calling all the town dogs here,
Who shall keep up the chase, sirs.
Bow ! wow ! wow !

Miller. A rare good riddance ! Come, Jack, none of that !

Joan. [Beseechingly.] Oh dear, Papa !

Miller. Think you I'm such a flat ?

Jack. What shall Jack do to gain your pretty daughter ?
To prove my love, I'll go through fire and water !

Miller. You say you'll do whatever I propose,
Bring me De Bobbin's laundry-maiden's nose.
Yes, Tell-Tale Tit's, I mean, I owe her one.

Jack. I know not how.

Poor Jack !

Miller. Well, do you answer, done ?
[Miller and Joan enter Mill, leaving Jack in despair.]

Enter MOTHER SHIPTON.

Shipton. [Entering.] No need to speak, nor yet to be despairing,
I heard it in the air when I was airing,
And will assist you. [Thinking.] First admission get
To the King's Palace [Jack excited.]—we've not got it yet.
Yes, yes, I see, my plan will do, I'm sure ;
Robin de Bobbin is an epicure,
So with a Blackbird-pie we'll tempt the King.

For its contents my Raven's just the thing.
 Let sly old Ralph get in, as I propose,
 And he'll soon have the old maid's wished-for nose.
 Now then to make the pie, don't fear, all's right;
 We'll change the scene, witches work best at night.

SONG, MOTHER SHIPTON—Air, ‘*Old men's Chorus, Faust.*’

Here they come, sirs, witches a mob!
 I will the pastry make.
 He's a glutton is Rob de Bob,
 Soon I his palate will tickle;
 So off we'll go, roll out the dough;
 Not worth a dump are your fears to me;
 You remain till I've finished the job,
 Which shall most quickly be.

[Scene gradually changes to

SCENE V.—WITCHES' GLEN, BY MOONLIGHT.

Witches enter, and perform a Pas Fantastique à Serpenteaux, at the end of which the Magic Pie is brought in, and the scene ends with a Grand Tableau.

SCENE VI.—EXTERIOR OF ROBIN DE BOB-BIN'S COPPER CASTLE.

How Jack Sprat gains admission to Robin de Bobbin's Castle.—How Robin de Bobbin ordered a Grand Dinner, and of the Bill of Fare which Mother Shipton prepared in consequence.—Great preparation for King's Dinner, and arrival of JACK SPRAT and Attendants, with Mother Shipton's Magic Pie.

- Jack.** Well, here I am, to enter's now the thing.
 [Knocks at gate.—*Fat Porter enters.*]
Porter. The porter's stout. [*Swaggering.*] Pray can I see the King!
Porter. Indeed you can't, and what's the reason why
 You wish to see him?
Jack. I've a blackbird, pie,
 I think would suit his taste.
Porter. And so do I.
Jack. Say, could I see him? [*Porter expresses doubt.*]
 This hesitation's funny.
Porter. Not till he's dined, and counted out his money.
 But, after dinner, I'll bet you a farden,
 You'll find his majesty about the garden.
 Have you the golden key? [*Jack gives Purse.*] Here, out
 of sight,
 Close by the laundry wall, then take the right.
 [*Jack and Attendants enter Castle.*]
Porter. Why, what a civil beast, his wig how curled!
 Why he's the monkey who has seen the world!

TELL-TALE TIT enters in sad plight, but, much to the Porter's astonishment, has not a word to say on the occasion.

You lump of mischief, would that you were hung !
And not a word ! she must have lost her tongue.

Cook enters, hurriedly.

Cook. The flour's not come.

Porter. No, but the miller is,

A rogue in grain, look at his all-wry phiz.

Cook. But he's no use, he's heavy, too, as lead.

Porter. We'll grind his bones to make De Bobbin's bread.

Cook. No time for that, [Bell rings.] the bell for dinner rings,
I must be off, and dish up all the things.

[*Exeunt Porter and Cook.*

MOTHER SHIPTON enters, cautiously.

Shipton. So far so good, success attends my plot ;
Here comes the grub—good gracious, what a lot ;

SONG, MOTHER SHIPTON.—(*Air by Tully.*)

Robbin de Bobbin, big-bellied Ben !
He eat more meat than three score men.
He eat a cow ! he eat a calf !
He eat a butcher and a half !
He eat a church ! he eat a steeple !
He eat the priest ! and all the people !

[*Procession of chief Cook, and Beefeaters, followed by Cooks, bearing the various articles mentioned in the song, which ends the scene.*

SCENE VII.—THE KING'S COUNTING-HOUSE AND KITCHEN, OVERLOOKING THE ROYAL GARDENS.

How the King performs his usual custom of an afternoon.—How the Queen indulges in sweet fancies, and what the Raven picked up in the Garden, and how he popped off with it afterwards.—JACK SPRAT and Pie discovered.

Jack. Thus far into the bowels of the land—but stop,
This isn't Richmond, words for deeds I drop ;
My bill's before the house, and, on revision,
I'll have the noes to-night with a division.

[*Looking at Joan's miniature.*

All wealth to me, but Joan, mere vulgar dross is ;
To gain this maid I want that maid's proboscis.

[*Flourish.—Jack retires.*

ROBIN DE BOBBIN and QUEEN, attended by Lords, Pages, Guards, &c., enter.

Robin. Our dinner over, we will take our ease,
My lords, my lords ! excuse us, if you please !

[*All go off but King and Queen.*

My lovely bride ! I'll go count up the money,
Whil'st you amuse yourself with bread and honey.

[*Kisses her.*

Sweets to the sweet! my heart with love is panting!

Now my gold first, and then to study Banting.

[King leads Queen to Kitchen, and then goes to Counting-House—
Jack cautiously comes forward.]

Jack. [Yawning.] I'm very tired, forty winks I'll take;

Old Ralph is certain to keep wide awake.

[Pantomimic Action.—Inaction of Jack.—Subtraction of Raven.—
Reaction of Tell-Tale Tit, and Distraction of Robbin de Bobbin.

That Rascal Ralph! why he will eat the nose!

Stop thief! stop thief! He won't, then here I goes!

SCENE VIII.—ROAD TO THE BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

How the bewitching Fairies met upon the Heath.—How Jack Sprat went in pursuit of the Raven, and of the advice Mother Shipton gave him.

SONG, 1st FAIRY—Air, ‘Black spirits and white.’

Young fairies so bright!

Sad fairies and gay!

Hither! hither! hither!

You who're pretty may,

[‘Macbeth’ Music, and other fairies enter, from different sides.

1st F. Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd F. Sister, where you? Killing time!

1st F. Sister, where you?

Setting a nursery rhyme,

With our friend Tully, whose sweet notes are noted
For pleasing all.

4th F. No better could be quoted.

Others. Hear! hear! hear! hear!

3rd F. If you'll be quiet. Well, so you shall,

2nd F. Hear!

3rd F. Now really, my good gal—

2st F. I'll give a voice!

And I another!

3rd F. And you and I will do the other.

Tap! tap! attention, mind you're not too low.

Now fairies, if you please! Thanks, Tully, go!

QUARTET.—(Original, Tully.)

3rd F. What are little boys made of, made of?

Snaps and snails, and puppy-dog's tails;

And that's what boys are made of.

What are little girls made of, made of?

Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,

And that's what girls are made of.

1st F. Encore!

2nd F. No, hush ! for, by the pricking of my thumbs,
I feel that something crooked this way comes.

MOTHER SHIPTON enters.

Shipton. Now now, you saucy girls, burlesque not England's bard :
Remember Stratford, where it went so hard
With those, who, meaning well, did very sadly.

Fairy. Poor Shakespere ! he was treated very badly.

Shipton. But you must leave me, I have much to do, [Confidentially.
A Transformation Scene is brewing now, by Brew.

Fairy. Oh ! then we're off to see it !

Fairy. Good bye, Shipton !

Fairy. [Looking off.] Pretty !

Fairy. A prettier place I never tripped on.
[Fairies go off.

Shipton. Now to look after Jack—what's that I see ?
My Raven, Ralph, and Jack, a following he !

Mother Shipton retires, and Raven, with nose pursued by JACK SPRAT,
enter.

Jack. That downy bird ! If he would only halt,
And let me on his tail drop on this salt !

[Raven hops off.
He's off again, and so's my talked of marriage.
Ah, Jack ! I fear you'll never keep your carriage.
That's true, but still despair is not the thing ;
No, Jack's alive, let's try if I can sing !

SONG, JACK SPRAT.—(*Original, Tully.*)

My talent sure was for the stage meant,
I'll try and get a good engagement ;

I can point well my toe,
Cut a caper, just so,

A jig, too, manage, och honey !

On a pinch, also do

A hornpipe or two,

Or a pas suel, *a la Taglioni.*

[Dances.

A very great man,

I imitate can ;

Let's see if this style we agree on.

If you'll only permit,

I'll just give you a bit

Of that talented artist, St Leon.

[Dances.

But one bit of fun,

Before I am done—

You needn't of this let my Ma know ;

I'll not keep you long,

But conclude my short song

With a bit of comique, *a Milano.*

[Dances.

[Mother Shipton comes forward.

Shipton. You were caught napping, and have therefore napped it.
One plan's still left.

Jack. I'm ready to adapt it.

Shipton. But gain the nose, before he gains his nest,
And Joan's still your's, now off, and do your best.

[*Exit Jack Sprat.*]

These are strange doings, yet, as I'm alive,
I prophecy they'll be as strange in Sixty-five.
Of life gay folly has a lengthened lease,
Men will be men, and wonders never cease.

SONG, MOTHER SHIPTON.—Air, ‘*Good old days of Adam and Eve.*’

I sing, I sing of times to come, sirs,
Of times, too, which will be most rum, sirs ;
When all the world has been improving,
And what's not right, they've been removing.
When little boys don't smoke Havannahs,
Which I don't think improves their manners—
When crinolines no longer stick out,
And the *real* good figures one can pick out.

Sing hi ! sing ho ! as I'm alive,
These things may happen in Sixty and Five.

When halls are built as Music's dwelling,
And where improvement's made in spelling ;
Where for a change, though making you sick,
They add a k, and call it musick !
When the Police no longer court cooks,
And girls at soldiers don't cast sly looks ;
When magistrates are made by all butts,
For giving six months for stealing six walnuts.

Sing hi ! sing ho , &c.

When poor-law folks are not so sore, sirs,
When poor folks want a little more, sirs ;
Whilst he who's prigg'd what isn't his'n,
Gets more good grub inside a prison.
When cheaper ships are built at Plymouth
And at the price we make no wry mouth ;
When berths ain't kept for next-a-kin, sirs,
But all go in, and the best men win, sirs.
Sing hi ! sing ho ! &c.

When railway smashes are more rare, sirs,
Which happen may by taking care, sirs ;
But I believe in no corrector,
Until they've smashed a rich director.
But one word more, before I'm starting,
Sweet sorrow, Shakspeare says, is parting.
Take my advice, you'll find it right, too,
Come and hear Mother Shipton to-morrow night, do !
Sing hi ! sing ho ! &c.

SCENE IX.—THE RAVEN'S NEST IN THE VALLEY OF THE DROOPING ASH.

How JACK SPRAT reached the Blackbird's Nest.—How he got on when he got there, and of the scene he witnessed immediately afterwards.

NEW YEAR, and MOTHER SHIPTON discovered.

New Y. Hold, master miller, I will all arrange.

Shipton. But for this sovereign let me first give change. [Change to

SCENE X.—THE SUBTERRANEAN DWELLING OF THE GNOMES.

[Invented and painted by Charles Brew.]

THE TRANSFORMATION.

MOTHER SHIPTON enters, hurriedly.

Shipton. Sad news! sad news! there's something wrong in town; Both Opera Houses have just broken down!

Poor Opera's done for!

Amuse. Do explain, I beg—
Both of them crippled?

Shipton. Both—both standing on one leg!
With one-legged dancer one would draw the town,
The other tries, too, with a one-legged clown.

Amuse. What's to be done?

New Y. I cannot guess, I'm sure.

Shipton. On the hop catch them, and produce a Cure.

[ONE-LEGGED CLOWN and ONE-LEGGED DANCER make their appearance.

New Y. Jack Sprat, fresh gambols you must now begin—
Seek out fresh broils, as agile Harlequin.

[Changes to HARLEQUIN.

Leisure H. And handsome Joan, in handsome dress must shine,
And charm all eyes, as graceful Columbine

[Changes to COLUMBINE.

New Y. The Miller too, who's shown so hard a heart,
As Pantaloona, of knocks must take his part.

[Changes to PANTALOON.

Leisure H. Whilst great De Bobbin, leaving wife and crown,
Must change his shape to merry active Clown.

[Changes to CLOWN.

Shipton. And now you've done your work among the tall 'uns,
I'll add my mites, behold a batch of small 'uns!

[Juvenile Pantomimists appear.

Leisure H. This scene accomplished, other scenes arrive;
Laugh out old Sixty-four!

Shipton. Laugh in,

New Y. [Advancing.] Young Sixty-five!

(Comic Business commences.)

SCENE I.—PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Schoolmistress, Miss Tickletoby.

[Scholars, Master Sweetstuff, Peg-top, Leapfrog, Hop, Skip, and Littlejumper.

SCENE II.—BRILL'S BATHS, AT BRIGHTON.

Visitors, Messrs. Takeadip and Loveducking.

SCENE III.—MUSIC-SHOP, MEDICAL HALL, AND HAIRDRESSER'S.

Music-seller, Mr. Crotchet; Doctor, Mr. Bluepill; Hairdresser, Mr. Worriwig.

SCENE IV.—EPSOM RACE-COURSE ON THE DERBY-DAY.

In this scene will be introduced a GRAND JOCKEY DANCE.

SCENE V.—CHEESEMONGER'S, GREENGROCER'S, AND TALLOW-CHANDLER'S.

Cheesemonger, Mr. Stilton; Greengrocer, Mr. Marrowfat;
Tallowchandler, Mr. Rushlight.

The Scenery arranged and painted by Mr. CHARLES BREW, Mr. WILLIAM BREW, and assistants.

The Opening of the Pantomime written by the BROTHERS GRINN.

The Music by J. H. TULLY, Esq.

The Ballet and Dances by SIGNOR MILANO.

The Costumes by Mr. MAY.

The Properties by Mr. SPURRELL.

The extensive Machinery by Mr. NASH.

The Electric Light & Pyrotechnic Displays by Mr. KERR.

The Box Department by Mr. CHARLES NUGENT, of Her Majesty's Theatre.

And the whole arranged by Mr. E. T. SMITH, and produced under the direction of Mr. FRIEND.

SCENE THE LAST.

CHORUS.

Jack Sprat and Wife, De Bobbin, too,
Blind Mice, and Tell-Tale Tit,
All trust, whilst they for favor sue,
This pie your taste has hit.



